Note: This is a reformatted version of my original Anti Homosexual-Art-Mafia-Art webpage from 2013. I've reformatted that webpage because it hasn't existed online for many years, and for various technical reasons, that version won't go through the normal emailing process, so I reformatted the webpage and created this .pdf version, which does go through emailing systems. This way I can still share it with others. Please feel free to pass this version on if you want. For technical reasons, I have omitted a small number of visuals from this .pdf version which appeared in the online version. Thank you, Norman K. Breslow.

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Welcome to my

Anti Homosexual-Art-Mafia-Art Page

(In which I ask the question: Why do homosexuals hate this webpage? And Me!)

Originally online on 1/20/2013 & updated on 11/10/2014 and 5/24/2015

And now updated on 3/7/2018 as v 5.0

Important background stuff

If you haven't a clue as to what this page is about, well, it's about the type of art the homosexuals who own the art world like, and the type of art that I and others create which they don't like. The members of the Homosexual Art Mafia (HAM) like sterile soulless nondescript bland images that have colors that appeal to interior decorators, and look like they were made by a machine, not by a human. One art buyer could only say about an art piece I was showing him, "The frame, the frame, it's all wrong!" Not a word about what was inside the frame.

If you have been in the homes of the rich or super rich, you know what I mean about a sterile atmosphere, similar to a hotel suite. If you haven't, well, they tend to live in interior decorated homes that have no character, and look like no one lives there. Everything has a place and everything is in its place. The housekeepers fold newspapers so they don't look like they've been read, the magazines are aligned on the coffee tables in neat stacks and rows, etc. Sterile bland uninspired space is the ideal setting for the art the Homosexual Art Mafia sells. And since they are in the business of selling art, they know what will appeal to those who can afford the high priced art they peddle, and so they cater to the bland-uninspired tastes of the rich. Add that because they only promote members of the homosexual art community, which has a paucity of creativity, over the last 50 years they have limited the types of art shown to "abstract expressionism" and an artist's crap in a coffee can, etc.

(Coincidentally, after writing the above paragraph, I took a break and watched a rented

movie. It was made in 1974, which was 38 years ago. The movie had nothing to do with art. For comic relief, a man in a police station asked, "Why haven't you found my dog? He's vital to my income. He makes marvelous paintings with his paws." Enough said? Got my point?)

email Norman Breslow at
nbreslow@aol.com

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My Very Abbreviated Autobiography

No, this page is not a rant by a failed artist against the art establishment. It has an educational purpose. To help you understand where I'm coming from, I'm including this very abbreviated biography: I attended the Art Center College of Design from 1965 to 1968. I graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Photography. Getting through Art Center, let alone getting a degree from them, was the most difficult thing I have ever done in my life. A friend of mine, a former Marine who also graduated from Art Center, asked me what the difference was between Art Center and the Marine Corps. I shrugged my shoulders. I had no idea. He said, "Marine boot camp only lasted eight weeks." Art center took from three to four years to complete, and it was Hell. Far more people voluntarily dropped out than graduated. And a bunch more were asked to leave, either because they weren't creative, or because they couldn't learn the necessary technical skills, or they couldn't follow Art Center's rules. Art Center had loads of rules the students were expected to follow.

After graduating, I did some advertising photography, but I much preferred doing my art. And I learned that I hated being in business, and I didn't like working for other people. What to do, what to do? I decided to go back to college and study psychology. Maybe I would be better suited to be a shrink, who did his art after doing his shrinking. I enrolled in California State University, Los Angeles in 1981. I received my B.A. in psychology in 1982, and my M.A. in psychology in 1983. Getting these degrees was child's play compared to getting through Art Center. That school taught me how to solve problems and get work done on time. That's all it took to get through CSULA.

While in my first year studying psychology, I realized that something a professor said in a class lecture and something I read in one of my text books could be combined and investigated further. Using a piece of photographic equipment the college had, which was used in the field of experimental psychology to do research, I devised an experiment I could do on my own, just as a learning experience. I conducted the experiment. It turned out that, along with a professor who took an interest in me and my experiment, the paper I wrote and the professor rewrote got accepted for publication when I was still working on my bachelor's degree in psychology. To give you an idea of how exciting psychological research is, the paper was titled, "*Tic Tac Toe in Iconic Memory: A demonstration of informational persistence.*"

I then researched and wrote four more papers that got accepted for publication before I had received my Master's degree. These papers I wrote by myself. Almost all papers printed in scientific publications are written by people with Doctorate degrees, and very few by people

with only a lowly Master's degree. And by those with an insignificant Bachelor's degree, or no college degree, getting research published in scientific journals is almost unheard of. Except for me...

To help me write papers for school assignments and for my own research, I bought a computer that had word processing software. It was a SuperBrain Jr. with two 5 1/4 inch floppy drives and a CP/M operating system, almost no memory, and WordStar for word processing. I knew nothing about computers when I bought it, but I knew I needed one. After playing with it for a short time, I realized that some day it would be possible to make a photograph with a computer. This was 'way back in the early 1980's.

When I graduated with my degrees in psychology, I was left with the problem of what to do with my life. The natural direction for me to take was to go into academia. I should become a college professor. But that would mean I'd spend my life doing some type of psychological research. HOW BORING! After all, I had five publications in scientific journals, all before I had received my Master's degree. Being a college professor would be too easy. I'm the type of person who needs a challenge. As for becoming a shrink, a professor I got to know well referred to clinical psychology as "Voodoo", and I came to agree with him. I realized I had no interest in being either a college professor or a clinical psychologist.

I decided that maybe it was time to start investigating the emerging field of digital photography. Actually, in its earliest days, it was called computer photography or electronic photography or digital photography. Anyway, I bought a new computer with a very high end graphics board, one capable of displaying 32,768 colors, all at one time. Most graphics boards at that time were only capable of simultaneously displaying 16 colors. My (at the time) high end computer couldn't actually produce a photographic image, certainly not of the type I learned to make at Art Center, but it was obvious to me that some day photos made with a computer would be the future of photography
.

So, I did the logical thing- I wrote what turned out to be the first published "How To" book on digital photography, called *Basic Digital Photography* by Norman Breslow, published by Focal Press in 1991. I think about 75 copies sold. It was a little ahead of its time. I didn't make any money, but I felt that I was predicting and explaining the coming age of digital photography. If you want to know how easy today's digital photographers have it, with their cell phone cameras and automatic digital cameras and their photo editing programs, and how incredibly hard it was to make a poor quality digital photo back in the '80's and '90's, see if you can find a used copy of my book online. It'll be a hoot to read.

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Some Essays, Visuals and Other Stuff

Okay, if you need some visuals to give you an idea of the type of art that art dealers and critics and other homosexuals in the art world don't like, which is the purpose of this web site, I've put some up. However, please read the following brief essays first, again the type of stuff the homosexuals in the art world don't like. I wrote the following essays over the years,

as the mood struck me, and present them now for your pleasure or displeasure.

The following five essays only run a total of about 18 pages taken together, so those of you whose reading level is at the "cul8r" level should be able to finish them with only a slight effort on your part. The first four have to do with art, but aren't the type of articles art magazines would be interested in publishing. Not surprising, 'cause the art magazines tend to be owned by the HAM. My background in psychology may be evident in some from time to time. The last essay is, well, just something I thought I'd share with you. Think of it as an art piece.

Following the essays are visual examples of some of my art, shown in an attempt to illustrate different directions visuals could take, but don't. Following the visuals are my accounts of trying to donate my early digital images to the Getty and MoMA museums. I did manage to donate about a hundred to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Following those accounts is an amusing art piece you are invited to contribute to.

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Essay #1

The art critic and other con men

SUMMARY: ARTWORK IS A STIMULUS USED BY A CRITIC TO PROJECT HIS PERSONALITY IN THE FORM OF A CRITIQUE

His critiques are nothing more than stories he makes up to explain to himself what he is looking at, and why he feels the way he does about what he is looking at. His critiques tell us about him, not about the art.

Have you ever looked at a cloud and seen something other than the cloud, like a tree, or a horse, or part of a car, or a breast, or a zipper, or a schematic of a Pentium chip? I'm sure you have. Well, maybe not the chip. These images appear because your brain takes bits of cloud detail, a dark splotch here and a swirl there, and combines them into something more meaningful to you. Some people organize the visual information one way, while other people organize the same information in another way. Psychologists call this organization process "PROJECTION".

Because each of us has a different personality, each of us is apt to make up, or see, different objects. To mangle a phrase, different visuals for different folks. However, while each person's projections are unique to that person, people with similar personalities are apt to create similar projections (visuals).

The understanding that people project different visuals and meanings onto clouds did not escape psychologists and psychiatrists. In the 1920's, the Rorschach ink blot projective test started to be used as a personality test. You are probably familiar with the Rorschach and similar tests. They usually consist of black irregular blots on a white background. They are

"mirror images", that is, the left side of the blot is the reverse of the right side. (The mirroring is not necessary, but does help the viewer to rapidly make projections.)

The Rorschach is a "test" because it has been standardized, that is, a lot of people have told shrinks what they see in the different ink blots, and their answers have been grouped according to personality types. For example, pessimists might see a witch in one of the ink blots, while optimists might see a clown in the same ink blot. Neither the ink blots nor the clouds contain any objective information. Both are "abstract" or "non objective" as far as their shapes are concerned. But both can be used to elicit information from the viewer, such as a picture of a witch or a clown, a horse's head or a castle.

Other types of "projective tests" exist. While some also rely on non objective or abstract shapes similar to those found in the ink blots, others use objective material to elicit a projected response from the viewer. For example, a person might be shown a series of cartoon like sketches depicting various vague situations, and the viewer is asked to make up a story about what is happening. One sketch might show a younger man sitting behind an office desk, while an older man stands to his side, looking at the younger man. One viewer might say that the older man is the boss who has stepped into the younger man's office to congratulate him on doing a good job, while another viewer might say that the younger man is the boss who has called the older man into his office to chew him out. Of course, there is no right or wrong interpretation of the sketch, just as there is no right or wrong interpretation of an ink blot. Different personality types will interpret the drawings, or ink blots, differently. To summarize, the human brain organizes bits and pieces of information into something that is meaningful to the viewer. Viewers with similar personality types will see similar objects when looking at non objective material, or create similar stories when looking at representational material. The objects or stories do not exist in the stimulus material. They are created by the viewer to explain, or give a meaning, to the brain's grouping of the visual data. This is called projection by psychologists and psychiatrists.

We all project. All the time. The ability and need to project is apparently hard-wired into our brains. It is part of being human. My personal motto is, "Life is a projective test". People project even when looking at material that does contain meaningful content. To give an example of this point, let's consider Siskel and Ebert, the movie critics. They often see the same film, sometimes in the same theater at the same time, and draw two very different conclusions about it. Sometimes they disagree so vehemently that one wonders whether they really saw, and are reviewing, the same film. You have probably gone to the movies with a friend and come away with very different impressions of the movie. The difference between you and your friend, and Siskel and Ebert, is that the latter are professional movie critics who presumably are using some type of objective criteria to form their opinions, while you and your friend presumably are not professional reviewers using objective criteria to form your opinions. You just like or dislike what you see. Siskel and Ebert are supposed to have objective reasons for liking or disliking what they see in a movie. The truth of the matter is that Siskel and Ebert are humans. They project. Their projections (opinions) are no more meaningful, or "right", than any one else's. However, they have convinced other people that their opinions are extremely insightful.

To the reader who asks, "Are you saying that there isn't any 'reality' ?", I reply, "Yes". A

"reality" may exist, of course, but it is filtered through our brains and personalities, and gets distorted. The mere fact that people disagree all the time about politics and religion should be a big clue to you that each of us sees the world in a unique way. Each of us has our own reality. Each of us projects differently. Interestingly, each of us tends to tell ourselves that the way we view something is the correct way, and those who disagree are wrong.

Some people have a difficult time dealing with the fluidity of reality. They want, or need, an absolute reality. If you are that personality type, fine, just tell yourself that there is one reality, that you see it, and that anyone who doesn't see it your way is wrong. For the rest of you who can accept that we human beings do project our personalities onto every situation we find ourselves in, the silliness of the pronouncements of the art critics and art historians should be self-evident by now. After all, their insights are just stories they make up to explain their brain's grouping of information, ala Siskel and Ebert reviews.

The intellectually honest art critic (laughing my ass off at that oxymoron) would state, at the top of each review, that the review is only his opinion, based on his personality. He would state that he projected onto each painting or sculpture or other art piece a meaning, and then made up a story to explain the projection to himself. He would state that he is now writing down this story for you to read. But this doesn't happen. Instead, the critic tries to give the impression that what he is writing is "The Truth". It is "Reality". If he likes the art, it is because the art is good, based on objective criteria. If he doesn't like the art, it is because the art is bad, based on objective criteria. It is not because he has created a story to explain his feeling about the art, and that he has a feeling about the art because the art has elicited a reaction from him, in the same manner that a cloud or ink blot elicits a reaction from him. The art critic maintains that his review is factually correct, based on his knowledge of art and his wonderful insight into the artist's mind. Instead, his review is based on his projection, which is a product of his personality (or lack thereof).

Of course, each art critic must make the reader believe that his opinion is both logical and insightful, if not wise. Look, if a critic copped to the fact that his review is just an opinion, no more meaningful than any one else's opinion, then why should he be chosen to have his musings published. Why should he get paid for sharing his story? Why should he have people kissing his ass all day long in hopes he will say something nice about them? Why should he get invited to the "A" parties? It is only the myth that he is somehow connected to the truth of the matter, that allows him to have power, which in turns allows him to get all the goodies. If you were getting paid to have your critiques published, would you (1) do everything you could to perpetrate the myth that your story was superior and meaningful and enlightened, or would you (2) admit that your story was just a product of projection, and no more meaningful, no more locked into the "truth" of the matter, than any one else's story? If you choose the latter, you are a truly honest person, and also a truly stupid one.

Okay, the critic has a vested interest in having the reader believe that he really knows what he is talking about, and that his opinions are based on objective reality, not on a subjective psychopathology. This is why Art Babble was invented. To make the art critic seem superior. Kind of like the Catholic Priest talking in Latin. But it is not only the art critic who is guilty of trying to convince others that his view of art is accurate and "correct". Art historians share this goal. Would an art historian get hired to teach art history and would he get his

books and articles published if he said, "This is just the way things seem to me. I've made up a story to explain all the bits and pieces of information my brain puts together and calls reality. It isn't the only one 'True Reality', it's just a nice story that makes sense to me." No No NO! He would find himself on the unemployment line.

Art critics and art historians, as groups, have been busted numerous times over the last hundred years. Some of those artists who couldn't trade their work for food when they were alive, who were given rotten reviews by critics (if they were reviewed at all), had created paintings that sell for millions of dollars today. Golly gee, some critics must have gotten things wrong, huh? Either those in the past, or those of today. And art historians who have explained why an artist painted in a certain style, or used a certain palette, and the importance of that "look", have had to regroup from time to time as "new" information became available, or new techniques in art restoration or new techniques in the x-raying of art have been developed. It is to the economic benefit of the art critic and art historian to maintain the myth that they have special knowledge that is not subjective, but objective, and that they can see the truth that others miss. In my opinion, they are nothing more than common garden variety con men. The better they are at running their con, the higher up the art food chain they climb. Since art critics disagree with other art critics all the time, and art historians disagree with other art historians all the time, and art historians disagree with art critics... well, that in itself should be proof that art criticism and history is, in essence, a con game.

A final point I want to consider is, "If art criticism is just a person's projection, which is not any more meaningful than any one else's projection, why does art criticism exist." (Ah, says you, so you're a Functionalist! [Sorry, I couldn't resist the sociology babble]). Art criticism exists (1) to keep art buyers from embarrassing themselves, and (2) because someone has to set prices. Just because someone is rich doesn't mean that he has self-confidence. Buying a "bad" painting would get him talked about, as would buying art by an artist who is currently out of favor/style. Gossip! What would people think! Better be safe, and buy something that got a good review. A good review tells the sheep (art buyers about to be fleeced), "It's all right to buy the art. It's not only all right, it's the right thing to do. And the price will go up in time." Naturally, when an artist gets good reviews, his art is worth more than if he does not get good reviews, or is not reviewed at all. If the artist is called a genius, his work is very expensive. If he is called the greatest artist of his century, his work is very very expensive. At least, until someone decides to write something less flattering about him.

Finally, I'd like to mention bribes. A discussion of whether a critic's positive (or conceivably negative) review is sometimes based on a bribe, and not on his subjective projection elicited by the artwork, is best left to another writer.

Finally finally, there is the issue of whether any given artist is of the right sex, ethnic group, religion, etc. If an artist isn't, he or she won't be reviewed, which leads us to a completely different view of art, which this website tries to address.

There is a practical point to this article. For those of you interested in psychology, try using critiques and reviews as a means of analyzing the critic's personality. I find Sister Wendy a hoot, and more than just a bit sexually frustrated, for instance. Of course, your analysis of the critic is just YOUR projection of what you hear/see/read, just as my analysis is

just a product of my projection of what I hear/see/read...

email Norman Breslow
nbreslow@aol.com

Essay #2

Why I am eagerly awaiting the death of the NEA

SUMMARY: The National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) has been a feeding ground for art(ist) piggies since its inception. Additionally, it has rigged the direction that art in America has taken. Only with the demise of the NEA can the art 'playing field' be evened out. I don't expect the NEA to be disbanded in my lifetime, but I can hope, can't I? Since I am an artist, and have been for the last 35+ years, I realize that my anti NEA position is neither expected, nor popular among other artists. Regardless-

For many years the NEA had been a feeding trough for the fortunate little art(ist) piggies who could push their way to the head of the line. The "game", which lasted for years, (and hasn't completely ended) went something like this: In the beginning of the NEA, artist "A", being connected to the art establishment, got a grant to do an art project. Getting the grant helped him get a teaching position at a college or university. Eventually artist "A", because he had received a grant, was put on the committee which selected a new crop of grantees. He chose artist "B". He may have chosen artist "B" because the two were friends, or because they were sleeping together, or because artist "B" supplied very good dope at very low prices to "A". Or any combination of these or similar reasons.

Now artist "B", on the basis of his grant, got a plush job teaching art at a local college or university. He also got more shows, and positive reviews. After all, he was an NEA Grant Recipient, which meant he must be good, no? Eventually artist "B" was put on a selection committee, where he selected artist "A" for a grant. This cycle could not repeat endlessly. "A" could not endlessly give grants to "B", who would give grants to "A". So other artists were brought into the loop.

While the above is simplistic, it is also accurate. Yes, there were variations on the theme, but just that, variations. Establishment art magazines did not report about the "nepotism" at the NEA. The gatekeepers kept the ugly little secret, secret. Enough artists could see what was going on, and how some little piggy artists kept getting rewarded by their piggy artist friends, but they could only grumble. Back in those days, the Internet was not what it is today, so artists had no means to effectively voice their displeasure. What they did have was indigestion every time one of the select little art piggies got another goodie, bestowed by their art piggy friends.

The damage done to individual artists' egos is the least of the problems created by the inbred grant selection system. Because artists of similar persuasions gave grants to each other, the direction of art in America has been rigged. As abstract artist "A" gave a grant to

abstract artist "B", who eventually gave a grant to abstract artist "C", who saw to it that abstract artist "A" got some kind of goodie, who saw to it that abstract artist "D" got a grant, etc., the art world began to take notice. Non-representational art is in, and representational art is out. If you wanted to sell your work, you'd better be doing abstractions. The grantees who got teaching jobs were teaching that non-representational art was in, and the impressionable students took note. Abstract art was "good", and representational art was, well, not as good, if not just plain bad. Within a relatively short time, fewer and fewer artists were working in representational art, because fewer and fewer galleries were showing it, fewer and fewer art magazines were writing about it, fewer and fewer art schools were emphasizing it, and very few artists were getting NEA grants for doing it. All because some little art(ist) piggies who were very smart realized that politics was the way for them to live a comfy life. All they had to do was take advantage of the NEA, with the help of the NEA administrators.

Years and years went by, during which the grumblings of artists got louder and louder. Eventually the nepotism became so flagrant that individual art grants were abolished by the NEA. Grants for groups of artists, such as a banjo quartet or a dance troop, are still available through non-profit and State arts' organizations. While an artist cannot apply directly for a grant, he can still receive one by proxy- his art piggy friend at the local non-profit organization can pass money to him from an NEA grant they received, so the artist can do art for a public exhibition, for example. This more cumbersome round-about method must be used because NEA grants for individual visual artists are a thing of the past. I guess this proves that you can just hide nepotism for so long, and then even the blind can see it.

I realize that I see the "rigging" of art through the NEA grants as a form of damage, while you may see it as a blessing. Regardless, much of the most flagrant abuses are in the past. If the "damage" has been done, why do I want to see the NEA out of existence? Isn't that like wanting to close the barn door after the horses have escaped? The answer is that I'm not sure the damage is not continuing. I have to assume that an "anointed" banjo quartet was selected over other quartets for a grant, and I wonder what safeguards have been taken to assure that the direction of banjo playing, or whatever, won't be rigged. I'm sure there are different views on banjo playing, and if one camp rigs the awarding of grants, and gets the "banjo teaching positions", and the "banjo criticism" jobs, what happened to the visual fine arts world will happen to the banjo and other art worlds. And I don't know the extent that the non-profit and State arts' agencies are or aren't continuing to rig the granting of money which they received from the NEA for visual arts. I suspect nepotism is still flourishing.

I have found that asking the question, "Where is the money?" helps explain why things are done the way things are done. The NEA exists because it brings money to a select group of people. These people see to it that the NEA keeps getting funded. These people are administrators, artists, galleries, museums, etc. The NEA does not exist for any other reason than to funnel money to the "in" people, who practice nepotism, (and god knows what else). The "fronts" (spokes persons) for the NEA will argue otherwise, but that is what they are being paid to do, isn't it?

The only way to assure "natural selection" in art is to do away with the NEA. True, although the direction that art has taken has been rigged, given enough time without the interference and rigging of the NEA, we might find that the art world is capable of righting

itself, and will correct the rigging. Maybe.

email Norman Breslow
nbreslow@aol.com

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Essay #3:

Film Isn't An Art Form

Movies aren't art. (And neither are videos.) I get annoyed when I hear of actors referred to as "artists". They're not.

What bothers me about an actor being called an artist, and film itself being called "art", is that no one person is responsible for the finished piece. It is a committee that creates the film, and I see art as being done by one person, who is responsible for its outcome. If you look at a sculpture and you like it, then you give the sculptor the credit. The same is true for a painting or a photograph. But who is responsible for the acting, or for an entire film?

Since you might not understand the process, I'll give a very brief explanation of how a film is made. Someone writes what the actor is to say. Then the actor is costumed, and lit, and camera angles are chosen. All these help set the atmosphere in which the actor's words and visuals are viewed. Then there is the actual acting part. You know, "Scene 17, take 15 ". An actor says his lines over and over again. Maybe dozens of times. Maybe more. You try it now. How many ways can you say, "Hello". Many, if you try. Go ahead, try it now. This is what the actor does. (This shouldn't be too much of a revelation. Some "comedy" programs on TV show the "out takes" where the actors fluff their lines, showing that it isn't even necessary for the actors to be prepared by memorizing the script. If they get words wrong, if they get the inflection wrong, no problem- just do it again, and again, and again, until the director is satisfied.) And the director, needing something to do, makes suggestions to the actor as to new and different ways to say, "Hello".

After the actor has said all the words that were written for him, taking into consideration how the director wants them to be said, and re-said, and re-re-said, it is up to the editor, with help from the director, to string together all the words in such a way as to give the actor's character an overall "personality". Just who is responsible for this personality is anyone's guess, but it sure as hell isn't the actor. The actor is part of the committee, along with the director, writer, editor, cameraman, costumer, etc. No one person is responsible for the actor's "work". And without one person being responsible, I don't think there is any art.

And if the actor's "work" is done by committee, so is the entire film. Again, if no one is responsible for the look and feel and impact of the entire film, then it isn't art as far as I'm concerned.

Additionally, the same holds true for "recording artists" (ugh!). They go through a

similar process, with various and myriad parts of their music being strung together bit by bit to create an entire song or tune. That is not art. Those who say it is are idiots!

There is one way for a film, and similarly music, to be a work of art. I suppose if the actor wrote the words, set up the camera and lights, chose the wardrobe, did the make-up, appeared by himself, and did the editing and sound mixing by himself, that would qualify as art, since one person would be responsible for the entire process, and for the finished piece. In this case, if you don't like the film, you would know who to blame, and if you do like it, you would know who to congratulate.

email Norman Breslow
nbreslow@aol.com

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Essay #4

A Lengthy Essay on Photography written in 1994-5 v 1.3
(and for most people, a very boring read. Feel free to skip to essay # 5)

Understanding photographs shouldn't be difficult, especially if you have a knowledge of the history of photography, have looked at a few tens of thousands of photographs, have learned the basic rules of photography, and, if you want to go the extra centimeter, successfully place the photo into one of two categories. Below I briefly discuss these points.

On the History of Photography

Read Beaumont Newhall's "A History of Photography", if you haven't already. Other histories will be valuable, but Newhall's, for my money, is the best, although some readers will find it a bit tedious. Not being in Newhall's league, I will limit myself to the following: For almost the entire history of humankind there was no photography. Everything we know about how the world looked, how people looked, and the things people used in everyday life during the eons before photography, comes to us in the forms of tapestries, paintings, drawings, etc. All of these visuals involve a heavy filtering of the original through the consciousness/personality/skill of the artist. Additionally, for most of the history of the world, art was the province of the rich, who controlled, one way or another, the artist and his work. In light of this, just how true these visual representations are to what was actually there is, for the most part, unknown.

In 1826 or 1835 or 1837, the first successful photograph was made. For about 50 years, photography had many different looks as diverse means to create photographic images were invented. I call these first 50 years "First Era Photography". These looks varied from images on tin (Tintypes) to images formed and colored by silver, gold, or platinum, to brown colored (gum bichromate), to full color images printed on watercolor paper (gum

bichromate pigment). Some of these diverse processes emerged through improvements in technology, and others through the creativity of individual photographers.

Not only did these early photographic processes have different looks and feels, but images made by photographers working in the same process varied greatly. During First Era Photography, there were no standardized chemicals, and two photographers using the same formulas to create their light sensitive materials would more often than not create differing concoctions. This, in turn, led to the problem of photographers not being able to meaningfully communicate with each other technical and creative ideas. In a sense, each of these early photographers was working in a world of his or her own. Although there was great diversity, which I see as a plus, there were also problems in quality. The very first images were often dark and murky and fuzzy representations of the original scene. What was needed for quality to improve was for the process of photography to become standardized so photographers could share ideas and techniques, with the goal at that time being a more realistic representation of reality.

But the fact that photographs existed at all startled the art establishment. Some artists went so far as to proclaim art dead. After all, it was reasoned, if a photograph could capture "reality", why would anyone settle for an artist's interpretation of it? Photography did have an early impact on the art world, mainly in portraiture, where, for the first time, common people could afford to have likenesses made, and also in magazine and newspaper illustration, where the "reality" of the photograph was appreciated. But because of the lack of color until about the 1870's, and general lack of quality, the art world soon relaxed. (Or maybe not- non realistic paintings, ranging from pointillism and impressionism through "abstract expressionism" may have been a reaction to the early promise/potential to the later fact of realistic looking photographs.)

The problem with standardizing photography as a way to improve quality was one of distribution, which depended on the transportation system of the times. For example, from the 1860's on, glass was the material of choice for photographers to place their light sensitive chemicals on. But glass couldn't be transported without an unacceptably high breakage rate (trains, wagons and stage coaches didn't have gas filled shock absorbers, and unpaved roads didn't help), so any company which wanted to make glass plate negatives would have to charge so much to make up for breakage that the price would be prohibitive. By the early 1870's, a quest was on to find a way to make a light sensitive material that could be transported without a lot of breakage.

George Eastman was the first to solve the breakage problem. He decided that what was needed was a flexible material, and his solution was to pour gelatin (as in Jello) onto a long strip of paper and let it dry. He then poured light sensitive chemicals onto the gelatin, which stuck to its surface. Once the chemicals had dried, the new concoction, called film, was rolled up. The thick paper backing kept the film dimensionally stable and kept the gelatin from sticking to itself, and except for crushing or cutting, the material was unbreakable.

This invention was a radical departure from all other photographic processes, and that in itself caused some problems. First, there were no cameras capable of using the new film; second, there was no easy way to develop the film (bring the image out), and third, the

differences in the quality and availability of chemicals that photographers would use to develop the film would cause the images to vary in quality, resulting in a lot of dissatisfied customers. George Eastman solved these and other problems by designing a sturdy camera to hold his new film. He sold the camera, loaded with a roll of film capable of taking either 50 or 100 pictures. When all the film was exposed, the entire camera was returned to the Eastman Kodak company, where the film was removed and processed in chemicals of a consistent quality. Then a new roll of film was inserted into the camera, and the camera and processed images were returned to the customer. With the invention of film, George Eastman began the first film manufacturing business, the first mass production camera and lens factory, and the first photo lab.

Probably anyone else would have stopped there, but George Eastman wasn't one to rest on his laurels. With his profits he hired chemists, physicists, mathematicians and glass grinders to improve his product. Because of the standardization of his process and its continual improvements, the Eastman Kodak company soon became synonymous with "photography". From the mid 1880's to the mid 1980's, Kodak continued to set the standards, and photographers learned to work within Kodak's parameters. The goal of the Eastman Kodak company was to make photographs look as realistic as eyesight, and when properly used, Kodak (Second Era Photography) accomplished this goal. While this look is generally accepted as the way photography should be, there is a downside, in that the freedom for creativity is severely limited.

Numerous rules were established which were meant to make the photographic image look "real". Rules for the proper contrast and brightness and other technical matters were instituted to create images with detail and the appearance of depth, and rules for composition were instituted to make the image pleasant to look at. Other rules, such as the subject of a portrait not looking directly into the camera's lens (so as not to be rude by appearing to make eye contact with the viewer) came and went as societal mores changed. All the rules and improvements made by Kodak created both realistic images and a standardized photographic look, but also forced photographers to work within narrow limits, with a resulting adverse impact on creativity and a lack of a diversity in photographers' styles.

As an example of this last point, think of some of the different visuals found in paintings since the mid 1800's. To name just a few: Impressionism, Cubism, Dada, Abstract Expressionism, Hard Edge, Minimal, Pop, Op, and Photo Realism. Now think of the different movements or "schools" in photography. I would list them for you, but I can only think of one, the "f 64 club", which used extreme depth of field to create images that were sharp from the extreme foreground to infinity. The distinct lack of photographic movements is the result of having one company in control of a creative process.

To be fair, photographers have always experimented to try to break through the built in limits of Kodak film and chemicals. Techniques such as photograms (popularized by the artist, Man Ray, and originally called Rayograms), solarizations, high and low contrast and high key and low key images, etc., were and still are made. (Look up any or all of these on the Internet.) However, these techniques have never become "schools" or movements in photography, with photographers dedicating large segments of their careers to exploring them. They have remained isolated techniques that are available to the photographer and

used when needed. Photographers usually compartmentalize photography into areas as "documentary", or "sports", or "fashion", or "portraiture", and by styles as "soft focus", or "contrasty" or "extreme depth of field". If you put a variety of photographs made in these styles on a wall, and asked the average non- photographer to group them by style, such as extreme depth of field or soft focus, I believe that most people would have difficulty doing so. If the typical non-painter were asked to put paintings consisting of abstract expressionism, op art, and photo realism into groups of similar style, I am sure that the task would be easily accomplished.

The main reason the Eastman Kodak company had control over the photographic process for about a hundred years was that film is very expensive to make. Not only does a dark dustless manufacturing area have to be built, but the means to develop the film (e.g., the chemical process) has to be created at the same time a new film is created, and marketing and distribution channels also have to be in place. Because it costs hundreds of millions of dollars to come out with a viable film product, only about five other companies in the world had entered this business, with all trying to emulate the Kodak look.

For a hundred years, with very little real competition, Kodak controlled photography. During this time photography was given lip service as an art form by the art community, although it was never taken seriously. In the early 1970's, for example, I asked a guard at the Art Institute of Chicago where the photographs were kept. He told me to go down the stairs to the basement, past the 18th Century woodworking tools, walk down the corridor, and I'd find the door to the photography section near the end of the hall. It was where he said it would be, but the door was locked, and no one seemed to be around to open it. Next to the locked photography section was a large room displaying contemporary sculptures, paintings, drawings, mixed media, etc., but no photographs were included. During the 100 years of the reign of Second Era (Kodak) Photography, photographs were not shown in art galleries, but delegated to "photo galleries", except for a brief art season in the mid 1970's when the powers-that-be decided to make photography "hot", and for about six months photographs were shown in art galleries. That period ended, and photographs went back to their "proper place", the photo galleries.

About this time (the mid 1970's), the classification of photographs changed, possibly to make photography seem to be more of an art, and a whole slew of schools or movements ranging over the preceding 100+ years were discovered and named. This Naming Period was done by art writers, not photography writers. Before this Naming Period, history of photography books mentioned three movements, but only one, the "f 64 Club", which I mentioned earlier, and which I recall was also called the f 64 group, was a true photo movement. (Since I am writing this without the aid of reference books, the three schools may have been four, or two, but in any event, an insignificant number.)

In the mid 1980's, personal computers started appearing on desktops, and computer (digital) photography became practical for non-scientists to do. The advent of desktop computing was the beginning of the end of Second Era (Kodak) photography, and the beginning of the Third Era (Digital) photography. The reason for this is quite simple. While it costs hundreds of millions of dollars to create and market film, it could cost as little as a few thousand dollars to develop a computer part that could display a photographic image, and just

a few dollars and some time to write a program (computer instructions) to manipulate an image. Entrepreneurs working in their garage or on their kitchen table started making equipment and writing programs for computers to use to manipulate photographs. Neither Kodak nor any other manufacturer of film and chemicals was in a position to control the direction that the Third Era was taking. There were just too many individuals and "start up" companies developing computer photography equipment and programs, and Kodak had no way of dictating to these people what their equipment and programs should do. (Kodak and other Second Era mega companies have done a fairly good job of buying a number of the small startup companies that showed promise, though.)

Photography has come full circle. Just as no one was in control of First Era photography, no one is in control of Third Era photography. The digital photographer should have the freedom to leave the constraints of Second Era photography, since the constraints of film and chemicals are no longer much of a factor, and won't be a factor at all in a few years. Within ten years, from about 1984-1994, the first rather crude Third Era photographs have improved in quality, that is, in detail, sharpness, and color fidelity. They have approached, and to the non-photographer achieved, the Second Era look.

Just why a Third Era photograph should look like a Second Era photograph escapes me, but it does seem to be the direction most Third Era photography is going. This may be due to a one hundred year history of Second Era photography, and the assumption that a photograph should look "real" as defined by Kodak. I find it amusing that many photographers who are working in digital photography are attempting to duplicate Second Era photography, instead of using the new freedom of an emerging era to experiment and create their own unique style.

Additionally, I find it amusing that most serious photographers today are using the photo editing programs to "paint" their images. These painted images still look photographic, but the painting (retouching) is used to eliminate technical problems the new crop of photographers don't know how to remedy when taking the picture.

On Looking at Tens of Thousands of Pictures.

I can't tell you how to look at photographs, other than to urge you to get some books on the subject and spend a lot of time looking at hundreds of photos taken by the acknowledged masters of photography. It would be helpful if you actually tried to make Second Era photos yourself, if only to see how incredibly difficult it is to follow the rules of Second Era photography. However, the equipment and supplies and materials needed are rapidly disappearing, so it might be impractical to begin an attempt to learn how to make Second Era photographs.

However, if you are an artist, particularly a painter or sculptor, you have a built in exemption. I have yet to meet one who was not expert on photography, at least at judging photos. I, of course, being a mere mortal, had to take about 40 college level photography courses, and put in the time to look at pictures, and talk photography for a few years in college... It would have been simpler, I suppose, if I had just gone to art school and learned to

paint nudes. I know it would have cost a lot less than buying photo equipment and supplies, and may have been more fun. I can understand the egos of painters and sculptors, since they have been told, one way or another, that they are the True Artists, and so they can judge any art form. But at the same time I can't understand why otherwise intelligent people turn their brains off when it comes to their belief that they can judge an area they know nothing about. For example, I doubt one could find a painter who didn't think it was necessary to understand the history of painting, to know what was done, when, and with what tools, in order to understand the contributions, or lack thereof, of any given artist. Yet these same people don't feel it necessary to know the history of photography, what was done in the past, how, what equipment was available, etc., in order to pass judgment on photographs. All this is quite mystifying to me. For those of you who are not painters or sculptors, having knowledge of who did what when, how it was done, and what equipment was available, combined with knowledge of the rules of the various Eras of photography, and the visual record of a few tens of thousands of pictures, will put you in the sophisticated category of legitimate photo critic.

On the Two Classifications of Photographs.

In the early 1970's I devised a method to rapidly categorize a photograph as being either "GOOD" or "NOT GOOD". (Whether I personally like or dislike a photograph has nothing to do with what category it is placed in.) I mentioned my method to my artist friends, who told me a similar scheme was used in art. Some artists, I found, think of art as a language, and the different schools/movements were words in that language. New movements increased the vocabulary of art. I do not see photography as a language, but using that analogy, any photograph can be thought of as being either a new word/image (not done before), or a restatement of an existing word/image (previously done).

If a photograph is new, it is, by (my) definition, GOOD. New simply means that the technique/style has not been used before. You or I might not like the new word/image, but it does add to the vocabulary, it may come to be appreciated sometime after the shock of its introduction wears off, and it may be used by another photographer to build upon. It is useful merely because it exists. The odds are a few hundred million to one that any photographic image you look at is a restatement of a photographic image that was done in the past, so most photographs won't fall into the category of NEW, an addition to the language of photography.

If the photograph falls into the second category of "restatement", which it probably will, it must be sub classified. If it is an excellent example of something that had been done before, it can be seen as preserving a previously existing style/movement, and by (my) definition, it is GOOD. It preserves the existing word. If the photograph is not an excellent example of a style/movement that has been done before, it is NOT GOOD. In summary, if it's new, it's GOOD. If it's not new, but an excellent example of a previously existing style/movement, it's GOOD. Else, it's NOT GOOD.

A Note About Styles Vs. Movements

I feel the need to make clear the difference between a "movement" and a "style". A style is one or a combination of techniques which a photographer uses. Photography has many styles. A movement is a style, used by a number of photographers, which has an intellectual concept behind it-- A THOUGHT. Most photographers don't think, which is the reason there is a lack of movements in photography.

Added in 2012, after digital photography has become common. I do not consider a photograph something that is displayed on a computer or telephone screen. This is because the lightness and colors etc. will vary from one monitor to another. So spending the money to buy picture books of the work of "great photographers" will be helpful, says I. Also, I'm old fashioned. To me, a photograph is printed on a piece of paper, not displayed on a monitor. However, you can track down examples of most of the "great photographers" online. Do an Internet search.

nbreslow@aol.com

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Essay #5

The speed of light is relative to the size of the observer
(A thought problem)

Brief Introduction:

From time to time I find myself working on a thought problem, which comes "from nowhere" or from something I've read. For example, when I was a teenager I read the famous Koan, "You know the sound of two hands clapping, what is the sound of one hand clapping?" I gave this thought, on and off, for many years. In the mid 1970's, while I was on an organic psilocybin mushroom trip, an answer popped into my head. It took a few seconds to realize that the answer was to the Koan. About a year later I came across the answer to the Koan in a book on Buddhism, and it was the same I came up with when on the trip.

Below is my artist's brain's attempt to explain a thought problem that materialized in my brain seemingly out of nowhere. I've been thinking about it, on and off, for a few years now. I assume I've made an obvious logical error. I'd be happy to have that error explained to me, so I can stop thinking about this problem, and wait for the next form of (self) torture to enter into my brain.

Premise: The speed of light is relative to the size of the observer (A thought problem) To explain my belief that the speed of light is relative to the size of the observer, I'm going to use a baseball analogy. For those of you who hate sports as much as I do, don't fret. This really has (almost) nothing to do with baseball. Assume that you are at a baseball game. The pitcher's mound, rounded off, is 60 feet from home plate. The pitcher is 6 feet tall. He throws the ball at 100 miles an hour. You know this because you have a radar gun, or whatever,

which measures the speed of the ball.

Now assume that you are transported to a planet which is twice as big as Earth. You find yourself at a baseball game. The pitcher is 12 feet tall, and the pitcher's mound is 120 feet from home plate. Everything is twice as big / twice as far, as it is on Earth. The pitcher throws the ball at 100 miles an hour. Well, that's 100 of their miles per hour. One of their miles is two of our miles. So the pitched ball is traveling at 200 Earth miles per hour.

To help cut to the chase, if we keep doubling the size of the planet, or increase its size using some other mathematical method, eventually we find ourselves at a baseball game on a planet where a baseball pitched at 100 of their miles per hour would be equal to the (our?) speed of light, and if the ball was pitched at 101 of their miles per hour, it would exceed the (our?) speed of light. So, either we have discovered that at a certain size, a pitcher couldn't throw a baseball faster than 100 (of their) miles per hour, or it would break a law of physics that says that this isn't possible since it would exceed the (our?) speed of light, special theories notwithstanding, or, we have discovered that the speed of light is relative to the size of the observer. The ball thrown at 101 of their miles per hour isn't going anywhere near their speed of light on their planet, but it would be exceeding our speed of light.

On our planet, we have sub sub sub atomic particles. Assume a person who inhabited a universe made up of "stuff" in that sub sub sub atomic world, found himself transported to one of our baseball games, with a radar gun. That person measures the speed of a pitched ball at a game, with an instrument set for their distances and speeds. The ball is traveling at 101 of our miles per hour, but the very very very tiny person would get a reading faster than the (his) speed of light.

I admit that the implications of this do confuse me a little. And I assume I've made one or more logical errors, making all of the above irrelevant. Feel free to unconfuse me. Keep in mind that I'm an artist, so try to use little tiny words.

On a different subject, to give you another glimpse of how my artists' brain works: Last night when we were getting into bed, my wife and I bumped our heads together. I immediately asked my wife that since I snored when I sleep, if I was knocked unconscious, would I snore? She said she didn't know, but we could experiment...

email Norman Breslow nbreslow@aol.com

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And now for some visuals

The following art pieces are the type of art that the HAM doesn't like, but that I and some others do. Flip through them and ask yourself why you don't see visuals like some of the following in galleries or in advertisements or just about anywhere. Simply put, there is a universe of potential visuals and approaches to art, and only a paltry number are seen. Give that some thought. All of the following are by me, Norman Breslow. You might want to think of most of them as new words in the vocabulary of art.

The first four pieces are what I call either Parcels or Packages, but some of my arty friends say they are Conceptual Sculptures. Whatever, they are dependent on the words written on the parcels, which are illegible at the size and resolution they were formatted for showing on the Internet. So, beneath each Parcel I have typed the words on the Parcel.

"Some time ago I got a call from a Los Angeles area art gallery owner, who told me he had seen one of my pieces, "JJL#4", and wanted me to send him slides of my work. He said, and I quote: "I really really liked it.""

Title: Some Bozo gallery owner ripped off my slides #2

Norman Breslow, 1998"

(Above:) Inside this package is a three ring binder which is a duplicate of the one I prepared for the rip-off gallery owner. It includes my cover letter, which identifies the asshole in question.

So I sent off a set of 35 slides, along with some written material I felt would be helpful. I waited a while, and then called the gallery and asked about the status of my slides. Well, I asked an answering machine. I waited for a return call, which never came, although the machine promised it would. I thought about going to the gallery and having a brief chat with the gallery owner. I did. He looked at me as if he had never heard of me, he denied ever having called me, or having any knowledge of my slides. I looked at him, turned on my heals and walked off. I felt like I was in an Alfred Hitchcock movie.

Now really, folks, what the hell does this guy want with my slides? Over the years I've heard a lot of stories from artists about how they were ripped off by gallery owners, about how pieces were sold and they never got paid for them; about gallery owners who disappeared in the middle of the night with a van full of artists' work, never to be heard from again; about not

getting the agreed upon price when they did get paid… but I never heard of a gallery owner ripping of an artist's slides. True, they almost never return unsolicited slides, even when return postage is enclosed. But this joker asked for the slides, and I included a return SASE. So again I ask, what the hell does this guy want with my slides? If you have any thoughts about this, share them with me, Okay?

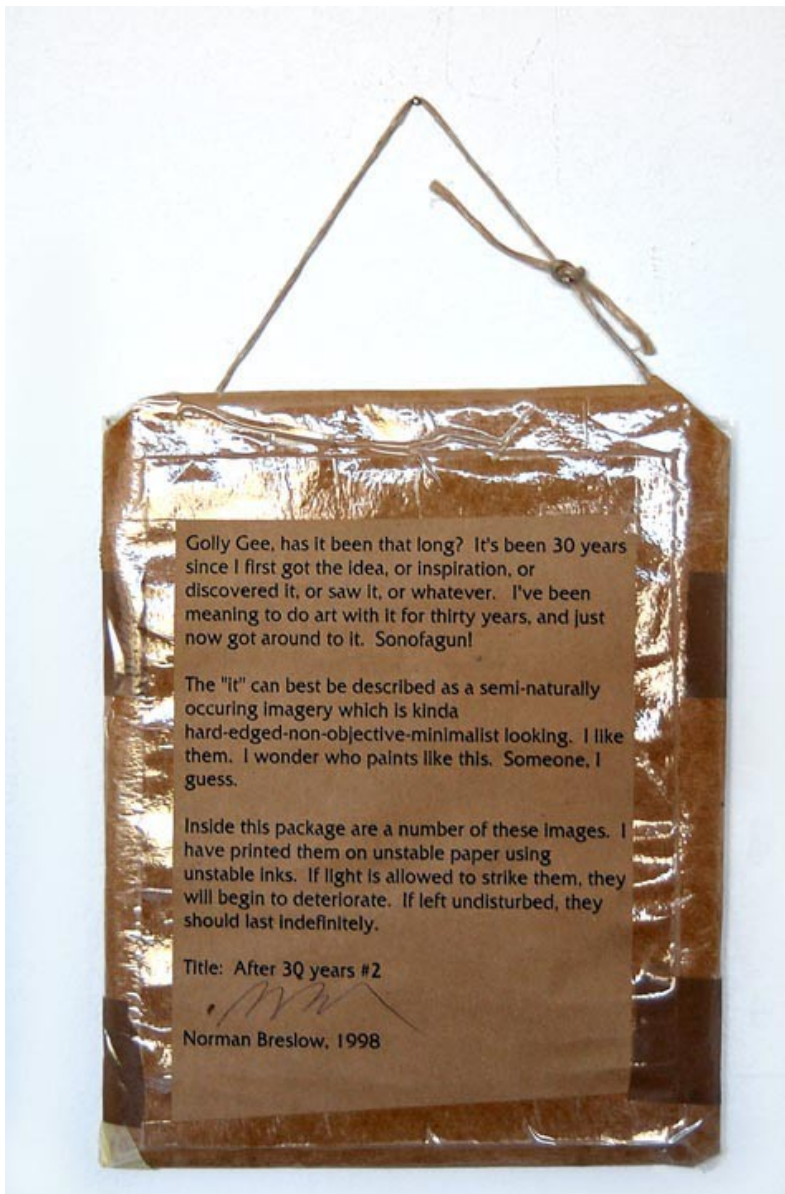## (Below:) Title: "Erotic self portraits by women #1" Norman Breslow, 1997"

"Inside this package is a three ring binder containing 35 drawings and photographs created by 25 women. All the art was found at various locations on the Internet. All are erotic in nature, with visuals ranging from shared glances between two young lovers to earthy expressions of lesbian love to extreme female dominant/male submissive sadomasochism. All of the art was referred to by the artist as a "self portrait." Each of the images is highly stylistic, showing not only the artists interpretation of eroticism but also her own depiction of her world and her reality. Some of the images are easy to look at, while others are more demanding of the viewer.(Below:) Title: After 30 years #2

I have printed each of the images on highly unstable paper with highly unstable inks, and then placed the binder containing them into this light tight package. If the images are removed from this package and exposed to light, they will begin to deteriorate immediately, and shortly will become unrecognizable. However, if left undisturbed inside this package, the images would last indefinitely.

(Below:) Parcel #3

Title: After 30 years #2

Golly Gee, has it been that long? It's been 30 years since I first got the idea, or inspiration, or discovered it, or saw it, or whatever. I've been meaning to do art with it for thirty years, and just now got around to it. Sonofagun!

The "it" can best be described as a semi-naturally occuring imagery which is kinda hard-edged-non-objective-minimalist looking. I like them. I wonder who paints like this. Someone, I guess.

Inside this package are a number of these images. I have printed them on unstable paper using unstable inks. If light is allowed to strike them, they will begin to deteriorate. If left undisturbed, they should last indefinitely.

Title: After 30 years #2

Norman Breslow, 1998

I think you should be able to read the above Parcel. Because digital photo is supplanting film, soon the images inside the Parcel won't be available for others to do.

Parcel # 4

(Below) Title: Bauble manuscript #1
Norman Breslow, 1998"

"Oh me, this is gonna take a bit of explaining. Luckily, this package is large, so I have a little more room than I usually have. Here goes:

Near the beginning of 1997 I received some email from a woman I didn't know. She

was responding to a message I left somewhere on the internet. To be brief, she picked me up. A little cyber sex is okay, and probably never hurt anyone, thought I. (Well, there is Sal, the guy who redid the hardwood floors, who told me about his wife who, after three weeks on the net, left him for some guy in Texas…). After corresponding with her for a few weeks, I decided that "Bauble", as I called her, was hopelessly depressed and resigned to continue to live out a rather unpleasant life. As time went on and she revealed more about herself and her past, I became even more convinced about Bauble's fate, and thought about extracting myself from the cyber relationship.

I didn't because Bauble was fascinating. Her life was fascinating. As our rather strange relationship continued, Bauble began to take the first steps at changing her life for the better. She got to the point of seriously considering leaving her large family and starting a new life at the age of 48. then her son, a 22 year old alcoholic, killed her, her husband, and then himself. I thought her story was too important to be deleted from my computer and forgotten about. I compiled the email correspondence from her, and put it into book format. Not having contacts in the publishing industry, I sent out about 15 queries to agents I found advertising on the net. The queries were similar to the following:

This is a query concerning a completed manuscript that runs approximately 135,000 words. The manuscript is based on hundreds of Internet e-mails I received from a woman I call Bauble. Our correspondence ended when she was murdered by her alcoholic son. After her death, I put her story into a book format. I changed names and locations, invented some material to fill in gaps, an deleted parts of her story that would be sexually offensive to just about everyone on this planet. Whether this manuscript is marketed as fiction or non-fiction is a decision best left for an agent to make. The working title is "Bauble".

To be succinct, and possibly charitable, Bauble and her large family are best described as "trailer park trash". The story begins with Bauble picking up a man on the Internet. At first it seems that this is a story about kinky cyber sex, but her online lover can't resist asking probing questions about her past. Eventually the story turns more towards Bauble describing her life, and focuses less on cyber sex. She tells of growing up one of seven children in an emotionally abusive New England family, only to find out as an adult that she had four older siblings who were given up for adoption. As adults, all eleven children got in contact with each other. All are "characters". Most are high school dropouts, all are alcoholics, most are addicted to pain killers or other drugs, and many have been in trouble with the law. Her favorite brother, for instance, is a 5' tall gay chef who has spent some time in prison, and who is dying of alcoholism. Bauble was married for 26 years to an abusive, paranoid, alcoholic Navy Petty Officer, who regularly beat her and threatened her with loaded and cocked weapons. She said she stayed with him because of their fantastic sex life. The thrill of sex ended when Bauble underwent an emergency hysterectomy at a Naval hospital, during which nerves were severed causing numbness in her vagina. Prior to this, she had led an active sex life, which included membership in a Washington D.C. sex club, and a year working as a Washington call girl. She tells about a touching relationship she had as a prostitute with a retired and infirm former U.S. Senator, and a brief and less touching one she had with Wolfman Jack. In her late 40's, she saw her life and her mistakes being repeated by her children. All are high school drop-outs, alcoholics, and drug abusers. Her two eldest daughters are mistreating their children in the same way Bauble mistreated them, and are

mistreated by their husbands just as Bauble was abused by her husband. Her youngest daughter, still living at home, is progressing toward a similar fate. The story ends with Bauble's murder by her 22 year old suicidal and alcoholic son. If I have given the impression that the story's dark and depressing, it is not. Bauble had a wicked sense of humor, and I don't think she understood the concept of self pity.

This overview barely scratches the surface of what Bauble told about herself, her family, being a military wife, and her adventures. It does not describe how trapped and lonely she felt all of her life, how she was beginning to recognize the destructive cycles that made up her life, or her recognition that she still had time to make changes for the better. Because Bauble's story contains so many threads, some described in detail and others in passing, I feel this manuscript can easily be the basis for numerous fictionalized spin-off accounts. Although I have omitted much of the extreme sadomasochistic sex Bauble engaged in, I am sure I'll be asked to remove more from the story. However, I'll wait until someone is serious about the manuscript and asks me to clean it up before I further sanitize it. Finally, I want to mention that the manuscript is not broken into chapters, but consists of numerous fictitious e-mail communications from Bauble to her cyber lover.

I received two positive responses, and sent the complete manuscript off to both agents. Both told me that they did like the book, but wanted changes made. One wanted the "repetitious" sex eliminated, while the other wanted more sex added. The former didn't think the sex was offensive, just repetitive, and the latter didn't think the sex was offensive, just not enough of it. The former wanted less sex, and the latter wanted more sex. Ummmmm…
I decided that both agents missed the point. The book isn't about sex. It is about a woman's life. I realized that since neither agent seemed to understand nor discuss the theme of the book, and since each felt the book would be publishable if I made changes that the other felt would make it unpublishable, I decided to quickly leave the publishing world and return to the visual arts.

Inside this package is the self addressed stamped envelope the manuscript was returned in. Well, at least I assume the manuscript is inside the envelope, since I haven't opened it. There may or may not be a note from the agent inside the envelope.
If you own this package and want to open it to read about Bauble's life, go ahead. Of course, you are running my art statement, and you might find that the value of the art far exceeds the value of the manuscript, that is, until you ruined the art. It'll be up to you. But if you ask me, I'd rather the package remain unopened.

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Photo and Computer Art Visuals

Following are samples of my photographic "looks" over the years. I am presenting them to show that a photograph doesn't have to have that "Kodak" look. To the untrained eye, some may seem to be Kodak type photos, but serious photographers will be able to spot the difference without any trouble.
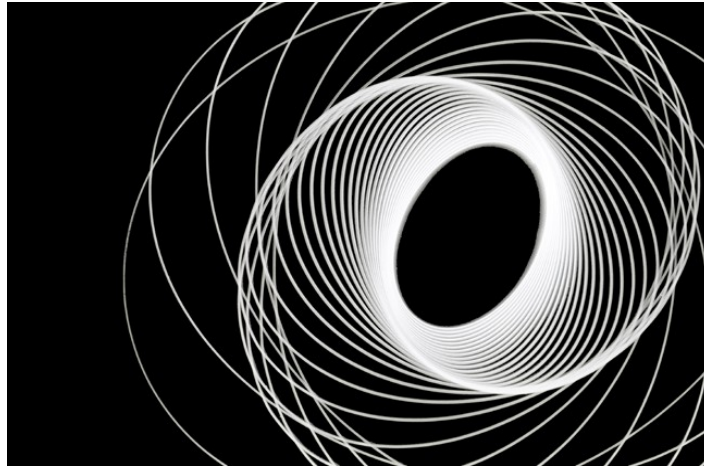
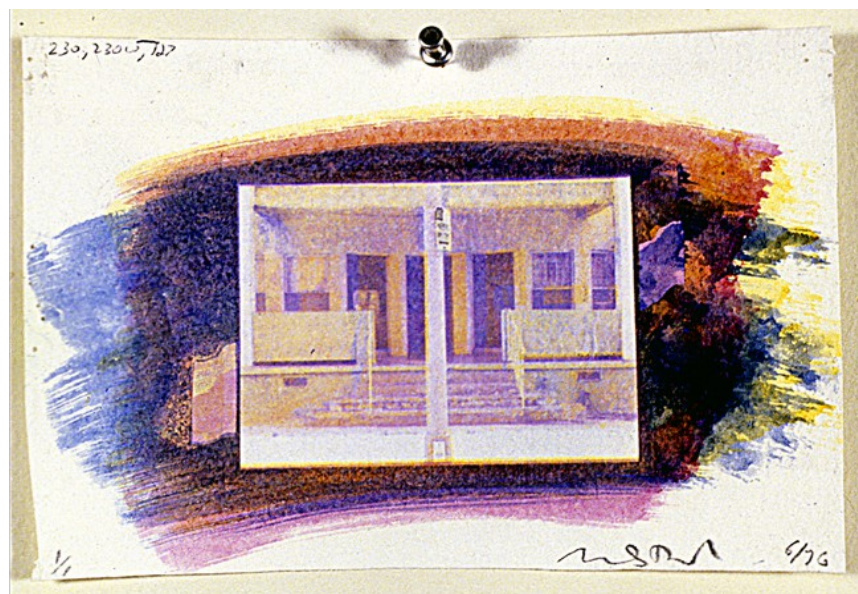Above :1959 scanned film. Time exposure of a swinging penlight.

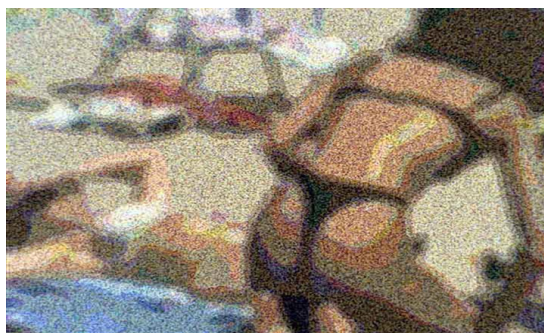Above: 1965 scanned film. Kodalith positive.

Above: 1968 scanned film. Tricolor photo of Alka-Seltzer.

"Two Sisters Undressing"
Shirts
Skirts
Bras
Panties
Garter Belts
Stockings

Unretouched photograph by Norman Breslow, 1970

Above: 1970 Shot on B&W film and then colorized.

Above: A nonsilver Gum Bichromate Pigment print I made in 1976.
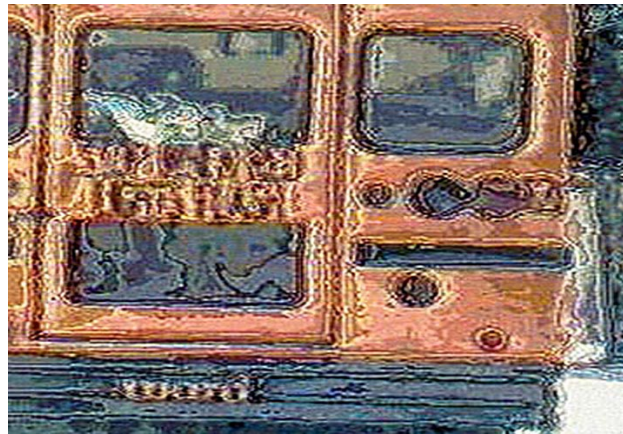

Above: 1990 Video grabbed image. "At the beach".

Above: 1990 Video grabbed image.

Above: 1990 Video grabbed image.

Above: 1991 Video grabbed image. "School bus".

Above: 1991 Detail of "School bus".

Above: 1993 scanned and manipulated film.

Above: 1993 scanned film.

(Above:) 1994 scanned film. "Marcy having coffee after sex."

Above: 1994 One of many manipulated photos of Marcy.

Above: Marcy once again, or is that three times again?

Above: 1994 scanned film. "Old Hippy reading".

Above: 1994 scanned film. The biker was just sitting on his bike, with the engine off, and then the police pulled up...

Above: 1994 scanned film.
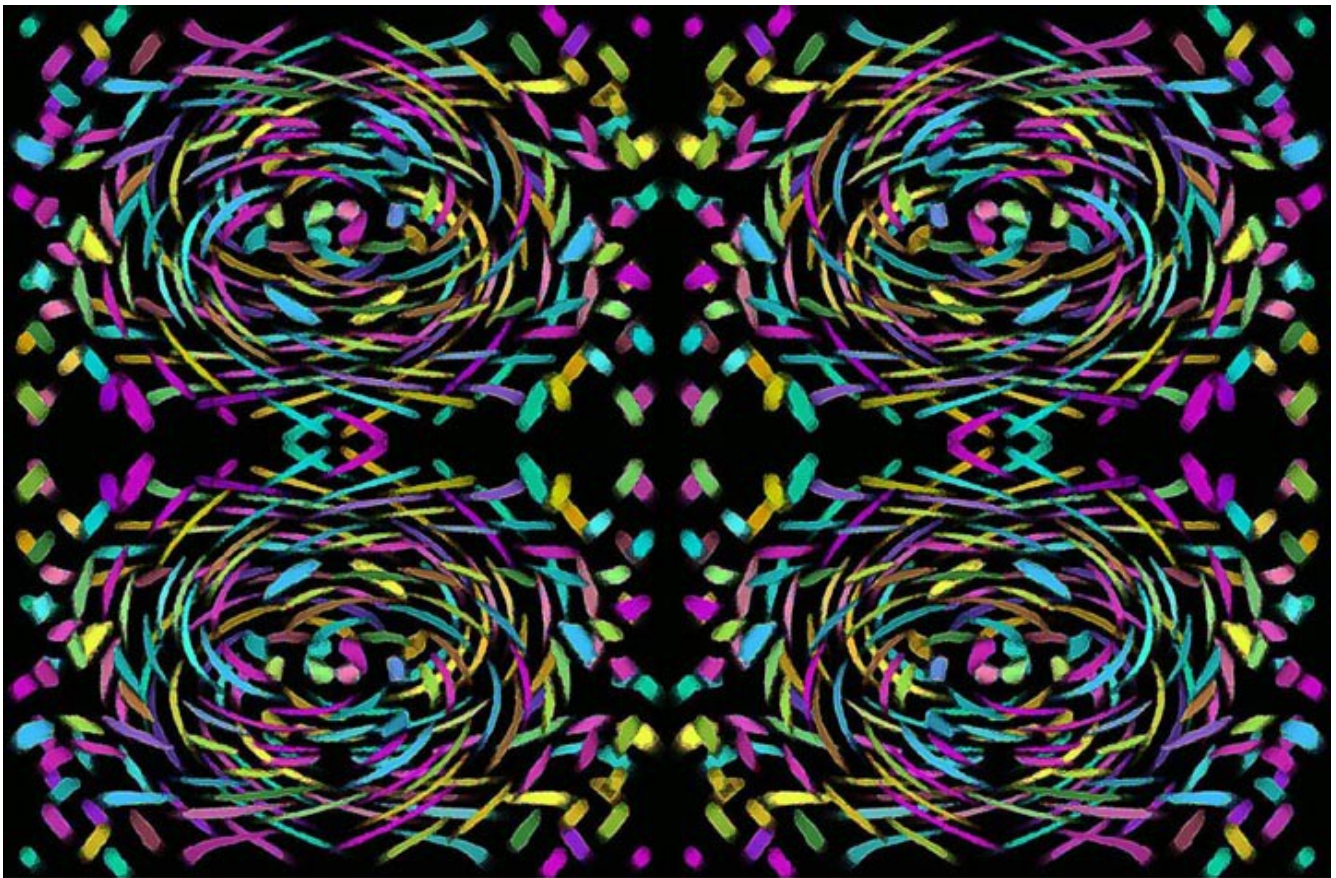

Above:1994 Detail of above.

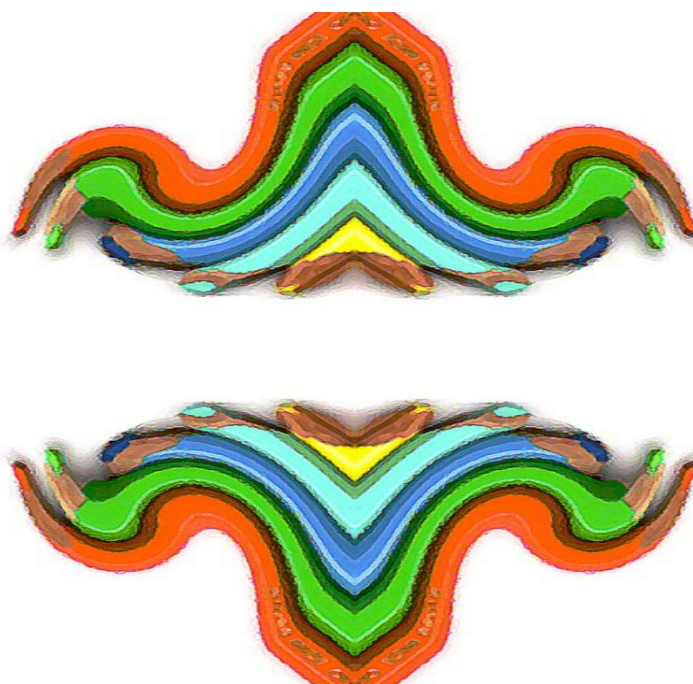(Below:) Scanned film.

Below: 1994 Detail of above.

Above: 1995 Manipulated digital photogram of sunglasses.

Digital painting. Norman Breslow, 12/2/95.

Above: 1995 Computer painting.

Above: 1996 scanned manipulated digital photogram of color pencils.

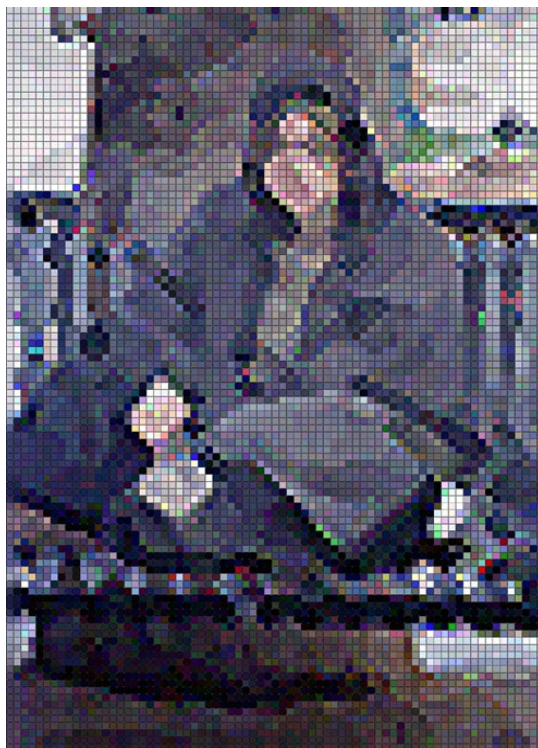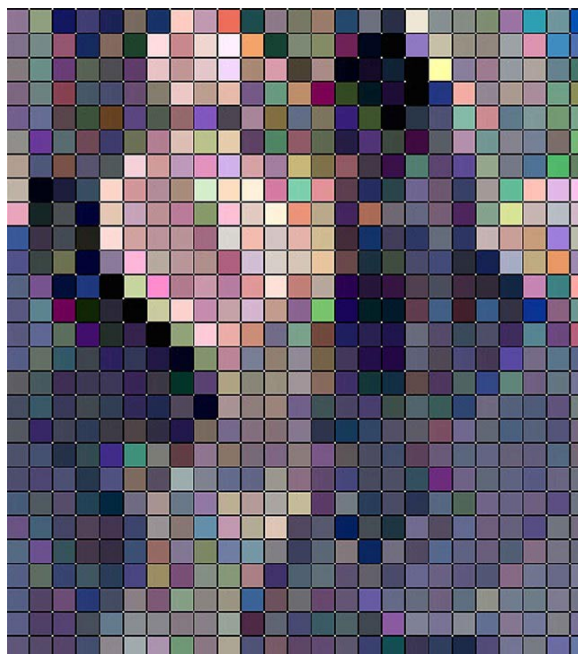Above: 1996 Manipulated scanned photogram of jelly beans

Above: 1996 Manipulated scanned photogram of "The artist's right hand".

Above: 1996 scanned film. "Sleeping man".

Above: 1996. Manipulated scanned film. From my Grid series.

Above: 1996 Detail of the above photo.

Above: 1996 scanned film. "Exhibitionist girl".

Above: Scanned film. 1996: Legless Brit. This one makes me sad.

Above: 2002 scanned film. "Almost too revealing".

Above: 2005 digital photo of Stinkles. Well, that's what she said her name is.

Above 2010 Manipulated digital photograph. "A woman who doesn't exist".

Below is a photo from a series titled "Pictures of people I knew." with various dates from 1970 - ?

Left: A snapshot of Tom at his Art Center graduation party in 1967 or '68. Middle and Right: Tom at Venice Beach, CA in 1970, after working for two years as an Art Director on low budget Hollywood films. Shortly after taking the pictures on the right, I called Tom when I was being particularly depressed, and asked him why some people seemed to do well in life, and others, like me, didn't. Tom replied that they HAD to do well, because they were majoring in three dimensional reality. He said that he didn't have to do well, because he was only auditing the course. (The last I heard, Tom was a big shot at a major NYC advertising agency.)

This picture now part of a series of 17 or 22 pictures, depending on how you count. Norman Breslow, shmedling.com

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Negotiating with MOMA

Well folks, back to me venting. The art world has been owned and controlled by the Homosexual Art Mafia since the first cave painting, for their benefit and the benefit of their special friends. And this fact explains why the world of visual arts is so dull. And also such a joke.

Oh, one more thing of importance. I have bunches of very early digital photography prints and other materials which I KNOW are of historical value. After all, if early photographs made from 1838-1865 are in museums and art-photo collections, then the very early digital images I made with various equipment, ranging from 1988 through 2000 or so, should be preserved, if for no other reason than for historical purposes. One might also feel that early manipulations should be preserved as the first examples of those new "words".

The early prints and images I made with film recorders and other devices, were put into 8.5 x 11 inch plastic sleeves in 3 ring binders. And there they stay. Over the period of a few years I contacted, via email, various institutions I thought would be interested in my making them a donation of my early digital imaging. The Getty Museum and the Smithsonian Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in New York, as well as others I've forgotten about, didn't even respond to the email query. However, I did manage to get the attention of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. While they are now in possession of about a hundred or so of my early prints, I get the idea that they don't see them as important because they are among the first, but important as research material for the chemical analysis of early digital prints, so that information can be used to preserve other people's early digital photos.

All this has led me to think about the art and photo history books- how many of them omitted materials because the author didn't understand their importance, or because the material wasn't made by a member of the HAM, or made by someone who the author of the book or article did drugs and had sex with, or…? I mean, if I were a homosexual and did drugs and had sex with the right people at an important museum, would my early digital imaging be of importance to a bunch of museums, or art or photo galleries, or the publisher of coffee table books, or? Your guess is as good as mine.

So, I've told my wife that if I die before her, she should just throw out the remaining materials I have. If she predeceases me, I'll throw out my own art. Apparently, it won't be a loss to the world of art or to art history.

Well, persistence almost paid off. I continued to try to get various museums and libraries interested in taking possession of my early digital photography, as well as about 20 little known magazines from the 1980's on the subject of digital imaging. I sent the following to a bunch of 'em:

Please forward this to the appropriate curator or department regarding a donation of early digital images:

I am the author of the first published "How To" book on digital photography (Basic Digital Photography, Focal Press, 1990). I have very early digital photographs which I made between 1988 and 1997. I would like to donate them to a research organization. The material includes (1) Dye Sublimation prints, (2) 35mm film recorder slides, which are so rare there may not be an expert alive who knows how to evaluate them, and (3) a smaller number of ink jet prints (which are beginning to turn yellow at the edges).

The above photographs began either as TARGA-16 video grabbed images, or color negative film which was scanned with various flatbed and film scanners.

While some of the images may be of artistic importance, all are of historical importance because they are the first or among the first imagery which were impossible for an artist to create before digital photography. This material should be preserved for historical purposes. I have managed to donate some of the pictures I noted above to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

On, Jun 28, 2013, I received a very nice response from Lee Ann Daffner, Andrew W. Mellon Foundation Conservator of Photographs, The Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) in New York City. She wrote, in part, "…indeed, we are very interested in historic samples to inform and aid in research." She invited me to contact her again.

After a few days I sent her the following:

I responded to this [her] email last Friday. Since I have not yet heard back from you, I wonder if you received my reply. If you did not receie [sic] it, please let me know and I will resend it. In it I suggested that I just send you some samples.

I   've attached [to this email] some digital photos from 1988-1992 so you can get an idea of what I want to donate.

Regards,
Norman

Lee Ann replied to this email immediately, apologizing for the previous delay, but saying that she has been very busy at work. Apparently the few sample images I sent via email met with her approval, and she invited me to send more sample prints for her to evaluate.

On July 8th I sent the following to Lee Ann:

Hi Lee Ann,

I sent a few samples to you, so you can decide if what I want to donate to MOMA is of interest to MOMA. You should get the samples on Tuesday. The UPS tracking number is

[redacted]. Lee Ann responded the same day, saying that she was looking forward to receiving the samples.

Inside the package containing the samples was the following note: This binder holds a few sample digital prints made between 1993 and 1995. They all look awful when compared to Kodak photography or today's digital photography, but they were the best I could make 'way back then, with the equipment and supplies I had to work with.

The prints numbered #7 & #8 are commercially made Kodak XL 7700 dye sub prints. The prints numbered #47, 48, 61, 62, 75, 76, 107, 108, and the four unnumbered prints dated 4/9/95, 10/6/94, 11/14/95 and 11/23/95, are all Fargo 203 dpi dye sub prints, made by me. The four unnumbered prints dated 2/6/95, 2/7/95, 2/26/96 and 2/27/96 are Epson inkjet prints made by me. They are easy to spot because they are turning yellow at the top of the page. (And the yellow is coming off on the plastic cover sheets.)

If you don't want the enclosed pictures, please return them, since someone else may want them.

If you want to keep the enclosed prints, I want to send you more, so there is a chance some will survive into the future, and not be thrown out when I die. If there are too many for MOMA to store in a desk drawer or whatever, feel free to send some of the pictures to other museums or research libraries. Up to you.

Best Regards,
Norman K. Breslow

7/8/2013

I didn't hear from Lee Ann after UPS said that the package was received by MOMA. I sent the following:

[Sent: Mon, Jul 22, 2013]
Subject: Re: Early digital photograph samples

Hi Lee Ann:

Have you had a chance to look at the samples I sent which arrived at MOMA on the 9th? If so, I'd like some feedback. If not, when do you think you'll be able to look at them?
Norman

I resent the same email a few times over the next week, and finally got a reply from Lee Ann, saying she was away doing work for MOMA, and was vague about when she would give me feedback about the samples and whether I should send more.
Not having heard from Lee Ann for a while, I sent her the following:

Dear Lee Ann,

Since you have shown no interest in the sample early digital images I sent you on July 7, please return them to me immediately. I'm sure an account of my attempt to donate my early digital images to MOMA will find it's way to my web page.

I received the following from Lee Ann shortly after I sent the above.

Dear Norman,
I apologize for the delay in responding to your kind offer. Unfortunately it was an unusually busy summer at the museum. Upon examining your samples I realized I was not qualified to evaluate them, and thought it best to pass them onto a colleague who is more familiar with this media. I wanted to respond with something of interest for you, but this plan is taking much longer then I anticipated.

I did not realize there was a deadline, but by all means, I can absolutely return your samples as soon as I return to New York next week. Again my sincere apologies,
Lee Ann

I sent the following note to Lee Ann shortly after receiving the above.

The "deadline" exists because if MOMA isn't interested, then I want to look around for someone who is, is all.

About two weeks later I sent Lee Ann the following:

Dear Lee Ann,

(1) I'm letting you know that I haven't received the samples I sent to you and have requested you return to me.

(2) You mentioned in your last email that evaluating etc. the samples was more involved than you thought it would be, so you handed them off to someone else. You don't seem to understand that I am the expert in this field, although there are probably a small handful of people, if they are still alive, who are also knowledgeable about the early days of digital imaging. Good luck finding someone who actually knows what he's looking at. SINCE THE IMAGES ARE BEYOND YOUR ABILITY TO EVALUATE, DOESN'T THAT TELL YOU THAT THE IMAGES ARE OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE?

(3) It's occurred to me that my samples may have been sold, or are set to be auctioned off, and that is the reason for they're not being returned. How droll.

(4) At least this will give me more to write about.

Negotiating with The Getty

That was the end of my communications with MOMA. I did receive the sample binder I sent to MOMA, so I had the early digital images to donate elsewhere. At the same time I was dealing

with Lee Ann at MoMA, I was attempting to deal with the Getty Research Library. I received an email from Frances Terpak, Curator of Photographs at the Getty Research Institute, on July 9. She said that my email offering to donate my early digital images had been forwarded to her, and she had turned it over to her colleague, Isotta Poggi, who would be in contact with me. I didn't hear from Ms. Isotta Poggi for a few weeks, so I sent the following to Ms. Terpak and Ms. Poggi.

Hello:
        The last I heard Isotta Poggi was going to contact me regarding my early digital prints and images. Maybe an email was sent but lost in my spam folder. So I'm still wondering whether the Getty is interested in my sending some prints to help the Getty decide whether my material is of interest to the Getty, and whether the Getty wants the magazines I have that are the earliest literature on the subject of digital photography/imaging. Please advise.

Received July 22 from Isotta:

Dear Mr. Breslow,
        I have been very busy and could not readily work on your kind offer.
        I will respond to you in a few days also sending you instructions for shipping. Many thanks and best wishes,
Isotta Poggi

Received July 25

        Dear Mr. Breslow,
        Our library system has been down in the past week due to the transition to a new system so I could not work on your kind offer quite yet and now I am about to travel oversea. I will contact you upon my return at the end of August.
Sincerely,
Isotta

        On August 16 I received an email from a Mr. Cameron Trowbridge at the Getty, explaining that he had been sent my initial email letter but had overlooked it, and now spotted it and wanted to know if someone else from the Getty had been in contact with me. I replied immediately, with the following:

Mr. Trowbridge:
        Thank you for your response. On June 9 2013 I contacted the Getty about donating early digital images. On July 9 I got a response from a person who turned me over to another person on that day. On July 25 I heard from that [other] person who informed me that I would be contacted again by the end of August. Since it is now more than two months since the original contact and I still have no meaningful response, I have composed a rather "snotty" letter expressing my feelings about the Getty's non-responsiveness to my offer of a donation. I've worked on that letter for many hours, massaging it to say just what I feel. Eventually it will end up on my personal web page. (C'mon Cameron, how long does it take the Getty to reply to my offer and send me the address to send the three ring binder so you can evaluate it and either thank me for it or send it back to me? Or tell me that they are [the Getty is] not

interested and don't want to see the material. Really, it would only take a minute for someone there to respond to me!)

Mr. Trowbridge, I'm sure you can tell that I'm not happy with the Getty and how I've been treated. Don't take this personally. I don't even know you. However, since it took you a few months to contact me, I don't think the Getty is the place to archive my early digital images.
Regards,
Norman K. Breslow

        On August 26 I sent the following to Isotta and Frances, and Mr. Trowbridge:

Hi Ya Isotta,
I give up. You win!
I've been pondering and pondering, but can't figure out if my not being able to give away my stuff is proof that I'm a truly great artist. Ya see, I've heard that the truly great artists couldn't give away their art.

But, truth be told, I'm not trying to give away my art, just pictures I did while teaching myself to make digital pictures, 'way before most people knew what digital pictures were, and when I was also trying to see what I could do with digital that I couldn't do with wet photography. These pictures were printed at first with an inexpensive Fargo dyesub, and later an Epson Stylus Color inkjet printer. They gotta be among the earliest digital prints around. Says I. And I can't even give 'em away!

But then things get confusing, cause some of the experiments as shown in some of the prints grew up to become art years later. So here's my quandary. Is some of my "stuff" my early art, and if so might I be a great artist cause I can't give away my art?

So, wadda ya think? Am I a truly great artist, or not? Or am I gonna be, if I can get someone to anoint me? I'd really like to hear your expert opinion on this quandary of mine. And where does my failure to give away very old magazines fit into this?

Ummm, how about if I send you $5 to convince the world I'm a great artist? Okay, what if I make it $50,000? Okay okay, and another $50,000 for Frances. Just wondering, is all.
Norman K. Breslow, B.F.A., B.A., M.A.
shmedling.com

(I'm sure my attempt to give my early digital pictures away will find its way to the above web page sooner or later. May I use your response, if any?)

P.S. My wife, Saint Gladys, tells me she can't use the washing machine because there's a heavy box of magazines on it. Please advise.

All have ads for hardware/software, and most have digital pictures showing what various hardware/software are capable of creating.
nbreslow@aol.com

Portfolio (Desktop video and color desktop publishing) Fall/Winter 1989/90
Computer Artist Spring 1992
Computer Graphic September 1987
Computer Language (User-Centered Design) March 1993
Computer Pictures February/March 1989, August/September 91
Digital Imaging May/June 1997, July/August 1997
Electronic Publishing June 1997, August 1997
IEEE Computer Graphics and applications July 1988
Imaging January 1993
Resolution January/February 1992
MicroCad News September 1989
Pixel Vision 1990? Or 1991
The S. Klein Computer Graphics Review Fall 1987, January/February 1988, March/April 1988
(Note: The S. Klein Computer Graphics Review was sold at some point, and probably renamed Computer Graphics Review, see below.)
Computer Graphics Review May/June 1988, July/August 1988, September/October 1988, November/December 1988, January 1989, February 1989, March 1989, April 1989, May 1989, June 1989, July 1989, August 1989, September 1989, October 1989, November 1989, December 1989, January 1990, February 1990, March 1990, April 1990, May 1990, June 1990, July 1990
Resolution [Truvision] Fall, 1990, Winter 1990-91, Spring 1991, Summer 1991, Fall 1991, March/April 1992
Truvision (Various publications) from 1988 or about then.
Verbum Spring 91

On September 3, 2013 I received an email from Isotta asking me how many 3 ring binders I had (with pictures I wanted to donate to the Getty), and what the size of the box containing the magazines I wanted to donate was. I responded,

The box with magazines is 12" x 14" x 8". It probably weighs 30 pounds.

I have one three ring binder containing 2" of pictures in plastic sleeves. I may have more binders with pictures, but I don't know for sure, and I'm not interested in looking for them now.

You have been playing with me long enough. If you write again, enclose an address for me to send the stuff to via UPS or FedEx. Don't ask me what my shoe size is, just send the address(es).

I assume that you will not be qualified to evaluate the "stuff", which should be a huge clue to you that they are of importance. I say that you are probably not qualified to evaluate the "stuff" because I had another "expert" tell me that she concluded that she wasn't qualified to evaluate the "stuff", and so she handed the "stuff" off to a colleague who apparently isn't qualified either. She has a much loftier sounding job title than you do. If you want to know who she is, I'll let you know after I get the address and send the "stuff" to you. I'll even give you her email address so you can chat with each other. I think you two have a lot in common.

Actually, I think you two are the same person, with two different email addresses.
IF you do send me the address(es), and I send the "stuff", I wonder if that means I'm not a
great artist (see below). But if you return the "stuff" because it doesn't meet the Getty's high
standards, then I can't give the "stuff away, so I might be a great artist.
Norman

It's been a few months but I haven't heard from Issota. I wonder why? Ummm, if she doesn't
know Lee Ann, I think they should find each other, since I think they are kinda like two peas in
a pod. Really.

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You can download a free .pdf ebook I wrote containing my pictures and remembrances, which
runs about 166 pages of mostly photos, and is 22MB in size. It might take a minute for the
book to appear on your screen because it's a large file. Then save it to your hard disk. Feel
free to pass it along to your friends if you don't want to give them this site's URL to download
it themselves.

That's all, folks.
email Norman Breslow at nbreslow@aol.com

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Why do homosexuals hate this webpage? And Me!

(A) Recently I was going through a box of "stuff" that I found buried underneath other
things I had forgotten about years ago. In it were twelve negatives I shot of the musician, Don
Ellis, at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles in 1967, when I was a photography student in Los
Angeles. Golly gee, that was 48 years ago. I realized because the pictures were rare, some
organization, or Don Ellis himself if he was still alive, should be interested in them. I did a
search for Ellis on the 'net, and found some websites that had information about him, so I sent
them a short email asking if they would be interested my DONATING the pictures to them,
free of charge, so they could be archived and made available for others to see.
Most of the websites were of the private "fan" type, and one was a musicology site with a
University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) address. Attached to the email was a low
resolution digitized photo of Ellis as an example of what I was offering. (See Below) I heard
back from most of them, all showing some interest in archiving the photos.

However, all stopped communicating with me after only one or two brief emails. I
assume that they did what is normal for people to do today- they "Googled" me and found this
website, and for some reason, they got offended and didn't want to house the pictures I shot.
Just an assumption on my part. I'm open to hear other thoughts on why they all became
disinterested after their initial "let's talk" reply.

(B) Recently I was scheduled for some minor surgery. I had a number of doctor's appointments where tests were done and preparations were finalized for the surgery. Three days before the surgery date, I received a phone call from a man who turned out to be the doctor's boyfriend, who told me that the surgery was being canceled because I didn't have confidence in the doctor.

This was both a shock and news to me. What did the man mean that I didn't have confidence in the doctor? I never said anything like that to him, nor did I ever think that. I started to argue with the man, telling him I didn't know what he was talking about, and being told that the surgery was off three days before it was due to take place was creating problems for me. What was I to do, start looking around for another doctor? The man hung up on me.

I called the doctor's office and said I wanted to speak to him. I did, and he told me that since I didn't have confidence in him, he had no other choice than to cancel the surgery. I (again) said that I never said I didn't have confidence him. He let me know that my webpage (this page) bothered him, and again he said that since I didn't have confidence in him, the surgery was off. He also said that he didn't want me to ever go into his office again, but would see me if there was an emergency concerning my condition before I found another doctor to treat me. Just what bothered him about this webpage?

(C) You may have read the sections where I tell about my attempts to donate material to the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA)in New York City and to the Getty museum. When I first contacted them, I included this webpage address so they could get an idea of my background, etc.

I made it clear that I wanted to DONATE very early digital images to their museum. True, I believe that the material has great artistic importance, but that is debatable, and I've learned enough from 50 years of trying to deal with the HAM (Homosexual Art Mafia) that they are only interested in promoting/talking up other homosexuals, and I'm what they refer to as a breeder, as they call heterosexuals.

But since the images are among the first, and in some instances are the first of a particular type, I thought a museum would be interested in preserving them for their historical value. Nope. Many of the images in the "A Bunch of Visuals" section (above) are the first or among the first of that type to be made. Read my attempts to donate the material to the Getty and to MOMA. Well, maybe the folks at museums and art galleries are looking around for a homosexual who also did early digital imaging, or who they can say did early digital imaging, even if he or she didn't. Just a thought.

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Participate in an Art Piece

Well, let's see… I still have a few hundred very early digital prints that no one seems to be interested in. The fact that MoMA's experts didn't know how to evaluate them 'cause they'd never seen stuff like them should be a clue that they are of importance, if not for their artistic merit, then for their historical merit.

I had stopped sending out samples of my work to galleries a number of years ago, since the only interest in them was what visual ideas could be "stolen" by the homosexual art mafia. Ya know, the art dealers showing my work to their boyfriends and told to make art like 'em. I know of that happening twice, and it probably happened more than that.

For example, the earliest versions of the "parcels" shown at the beginning of the visuals section were made of wood, and shown to Los Angeles area galleries. One or more appropriated them and a short lived art fad got some no-talent artists jobs at local community colleges or whatever, or so I was told. The biggest problem was that their art stunk. I mean, they couldn't even make decent variations of my work. Oh well…

I decided, being a bit bored with my life as an artist, to see if the HAM was desperate enough to have interest in my work, even though I'm a breeder, as they call heterosexuals. Or maybe I could find a Gallery which was not a member of HAM. (If any such gallery does exist.) I sent out a few of my 3D images and 2D images in various sizes, ranging from 8x10 inches to 22 x 28 inches. I enclosed the following note in the boxes of art:

November 2013
I am happy to inform you that you are now part of an amusing art project. Well, at least I think it's amusing.

As for the enclosed art, keep them, give them away, sell them, whatever. Up to you. See back of art for proper 3D viewing orientation.
Norman K. Breslow

Following is a list, in no particular order, of the galleries I sent samples to. Only one had the courtesy to acknowledge receipt of the samples. Their two line email said that although my work is "very strong", it didn't meet with their current needs. Interperting their

email for you, it means that they acknowledged that my work was of superior artistic quality, but that the colors were wrong and that I wasn't one of them (a homosexual). Maybe some of the visual "looks" I sent will start to appear in galleries, with the no-talent rip-off artists proclaimed as geniuses. Time will tell.

Oh! If you live near any of these galleries, why not drop by and ask if they have any Norman Breslow's for you to view? Or call them? Let me know what they say. Participate in this amusing art piece!

Yancy Richardson Gallery
525 W. 22nd St.
New York, NY 10011-1100
646-230-9610
Bonni Benrubi Gallery
41 E. 57th St.
13th Floor
New York, NY 10022-1934
212-888-6007
Higher Pictures
980 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10075-1848
212-249-6100
Lyons Wier Gallery
542 W 24th St.
New York, NY 10011-1103
212-242-6220
PX Photography Gallery
33 Nassau Ave.
2nd Floor
Brooklyn NY 11222-3132
917-544-9606
Julie Saul Gallery
536 W. 22nd St.
New York, NY 10011-1108
212-627-2410
Robert Mann Gallery
525 W. 26th St.
2nd Floor
New York, NY 10001-5514
212-989-7600
Andrea Neislin Gallery
534 W. 24th St.
New York, NY 10011-1103
212-627-2552
Klompching Gallery
111 Front St.
Ste 206

Brooklyn NY 11201-1007
212-796-2070
Glitterman Gallery
41 E 57th St.
Ste 1103
New York, NY 10022-1907
212-734-0868
Craig Krull Gallery
Bergamot Station
2525 Michigan Ave
Bldg. B 3
Santa Monica CA 90404-4014
310-828-6410
Staley Wise Gallery
560 Broadway
New York, NY 10012-3938
212-966-6223
M+B
612 N. Almont Dr.
Los Angeles, CA 90069-5608
310-550-0050
Fahey/Klein Gallery
148 N. La Brea Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90036-2912
323-934-2250
IKON Ltd. Gallery G4
Bergamot Station
2525 Michigan Ave.
Santa Monica CA 90404-4014
310-828-6629
Frankel Gallery
49 Geary St.
4th Floor
San Francisco CA 94108-5705
415-981-2661
Bruce Silverstein Gallery
529 W. 20th St.
3rd Floor
New York, NY 10011-2800
646-695-2900
DNJ Gallery
Bergamot Station
2525 Michigan Ave.
Ste J1
Santa Monica CA 90404-4038
310-315-3551

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Following is a complete listing of my academic background, for those who are interested.

B.F.A. Photography, Art Center College of Design, 1965-1968

B.A. Psychology, California State University, Los Angeles 1981-1982.

M.A. Psychology, California State University, Los Angeles, 1983.

Publications:

Lawrence, D. M., & Breslow, N. (1985).
Tick-tack-toe in iconic memory: A demonstration of informational persistence.
Perceptual and Motor Skills, Vol. 61(2) Oct 1985, 647-650.

Breslow, N., Evans, L. & Langley, J. (1985).
On the prevalence and roles of females in the sadomasochistic subculture:
Report of an empirical study.
Archives of Sexual Behavior, 14 (4), 303-317.

Breslow, N., Evans, L. & Langley, J. (1986).
Comparisons among heterosexual, bisexual and homosexual male sadomasochists.
Journal of Homosexuality, 13 (1), 83- 107.

Breslow, N. (1987).
Locus of control, desirability of control, and sadomasochists.
Psychological Reports, 61, 995-1001.

Breslow, N. (1989).
Sources of confusion in the study and treatment of sadomasochism.
Journal of Social Behavior and Personality, 4 (3) 263-274.

1991 Basic Digital Photography, Norman Breslow, *Focal Press*
(The first published "How To" book on digital photography, in which the question I pose, *How many pixels would film have if film had pixels* I answer in a rather circumlocutive manner.)

2012 My documentary photographs,taken at the Ivar Theater in Hollywood CA in 1977, were included in a group show at the Drkrm Gallery in Hollywood CA titled *Camera Night at the Ivar*, from October 20 to November 25.

2013 The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City accepted a donation of my very early digital photographs and imaging for research purposes.

2015 The Volkerding Center for Research & Academic Programs at the Center for Creative Photography at the University of Arizona, Tucson, accepted a donation of a large number of my early digital photographs and imaging for research purposes.

You can go to

http://www.flickr.com/photos/norman_breslow/

to see a few hundred photos I've made over the last 50 or so years, most not included in this Anti HAM mini ebook.